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[Translated from the German of HOFFMANN.]

### RITTER GLUCK.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE YEAR 1809.

(Concluded.)

I was already near the Brandenburg gate, when I saw a tall figure striding off in the dark and at once recognized my eccentric companion. I accosted him:

"Why have you left me so suddenly?"

"It grew too hot and the Euphon began to sound."

"I do not understand you!"

"So much the better."

"So much the worse, for I should like to understand you perfectly."

"Do you hear nothing then?"

"No."

"—It is over!—Let us go. Besides, I don't like society; but—you do not compose—you are no Berliner—"

"I can't imagine what possesses you so against the Berliners. Here, where Art is prized and in a high degree practised, a man of your artist-like spirit, I should think, must feel at home!"

"You are mistaken!—For my torment I am doomed to wander about here, like a departed spirit, in the dreary space."

"The dreary space, here, in Berlin?"

"Yes, it is dreary around me, for no kindred spirit meets me. I stand alone."

"But the artists! the composers?"

"Away with them! They scrutinize and criti-

cise—they refine all away to the finest measure; rummage everything through, to find just one poor meagre thought; in their prating about Art, and the artistic sense, and heaven knows what—they never come to creating; and if for once they happen to feel the necessity of ushering a couple of thoughts into the world, their fearful coldness shows their wide remoteness from the sun—it is Laplandish labor."

"Your judgment seems to me much too severe. At all events, the splendid performances in the theatre must satisfy you."

"I had persuaded myself to go once more to the theatre, to hear my young friend's opera—what is it called?—Ha, the whole world is in this opera! Through the motley throng of dressed up men move the spirits of Orcus—here everything has voice and omnipotent sound—*Teufel*, I mean "*Don Juan*"—but I could not even stay through the Overture, which was rattled off *prestissimo*, without sense or understanding; and I had prepared myself for it by prayer and fasting, since I know that the Euphon is far too strongly moved by these masses and does not give out a pure sound!"

"If I must confess that Mozart's masterpieces are neglected here in an almost inexplicable manner, yet Gluck's works certainly enjoy a worthy presentation."

"Think you so?—I wanted once to hear *Iphigenia in Tauris*. As I step into the theatre, I hear them playing the overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis*. Hem—think I, a mistake; they are giving this *Iphigenia*! What is my astonishment now, when the Andante, commencing the *Iphigenia in Tauris* comes in, and the storm follows. Twenty years lie between them! The whole effect, the well-calculated exposition of the tragedy is lost. A calm sea—a storm—the Greeks are cast upon the shore, and there you have the opera! How? has the composer written in the overture at random, to be blown off, like a trumpeter's piece, however and wherever one pleases?"

"I admit the blunder. Still, they are doing everything to exalt the works of Gluck."

"Aye indeed!" said he shortly, and then smiled bitterly and still more bitterly. Suddenly he broke away and nothing could detain him. He had vanished as it were in a moment, and for several successive days I sought him in the park in vain. . . .

Some months had passed, when on a cold and

rainy evening I had got belated in a remote part of the city, and was now hastening to my lodgings in the Frederic's street. I had to go by the theatre; the noisy music, trumpets and drums, reminded me that Gluck's *Armida* was being performed, and I was on the point of entering, when my attention was arrested by a singular soliloquy, close to the windows, where one could hear almost every tone of the orchestra:

"Now comes the king—they are playing the march—O drum, drum away!—that goes right merrily! yes, yes, they must do it eleven times now, else the march will not have march enough. —Ha, ha—*maestoso*—drag your feet slowly, children—see, there halts a *figurante* with her shoe-string hanging—Right, now for the twelfth time! and always thumping on the Dominant—O ye eternal powers, that will never end! Now he pays his compliments—*Armida* thanks him most devotedly—What, again?—Right, there are still two soldiers wanting! Now they go to blustering in the recitative—What evil spirit has banished me out here?"

"The ban is loosed," cried I. "Come along."

I seized my eccentric genius by the arm—for the soliloquist was no other—and hurried him away with me out of the park. He seemed surprised and followed me in silence. Already we were in the Frederic's street, when he suddenly stood still.

"I know you,"—said he. "You were in the park (*Thiergarten*)—we talked a good deal—I drank wine—got heated—afterwards the Euphon sounded two days long—I have suffered much—it is over!"

"I rejoice that accident has restored you to me. Let us become more nearly acquainted. I live not far from here; what if" . . .

"I can and must go to no one."

"Nay, you shall not escape me; I will go with you."

"Then you will still have to run a couple of hundred steps with me. But you were about to go into the theatre?"

"I wished to hear *Armida*, but now"—

"You shall now hear *Armida*! come!"

Silently we went up the Frederic's street: suddenly he turned into a cross street, and I was scarcely able to follow him, so swiftly did he run down the street, till finally he stopped before a mean looking house. He knocked sometime before the door was opened. Groping our way in the dark we reached the staircase and a chamber

in the upper story, of which my guide carefully shut the door. I heard another door open; soon he came in with a lighted candle, and the aspect of the strangely garnished room surprised me not a little. Old-fashioned, richly ornamented chairs, a wall clock with gilded case, and a broad, heavily-moulded mirror gave the whole the sombre aspect of antiquated splendor. In the middle stood a little clavichord, on which was a large porcelain inkstand, and near it lay some sheets of music paper. A sharper look at these materials for composing satisfied me however, that nothing could have been written for a long time; for the paper was entirely yellow and a thick spider's web over-spread the inkstand. The man stepped before a screen in the corner of the chamber, which I had not yet observed, and as he drew aside the curtain I perceived a row of beautifully bound volumes with golden inscriptions: *Orfeo, Armida, Alceste, Iphigenia, &c.*,—in a short collection of Gluck's masterpieces.

"You possess all Gluck's works?" I exclaimed.

He made no reply, but his mouth drew itself up to a convulsive smile, and the play of the muscles in the sunken cheeks distorted his face in an instant to a hideous mask. With his gloomy look steadily fixed on me, he seized one of the books—it was *Armida*—and strode solemnly to the piano. I quickly opened it and adjusted the desk; he seemed pleased to see it. He opened the book, and—who can describe my astonishment! I beheld ruled pages, but with no written notes.

He began: "Now I will play the overture! Turn the pages for me, and at the right time!" I promised that, and now he played in a superb and masterly manner, with large handfuls of chords, the majestic *Tempo di Marcia*, with which the overture sets out, almost exactly true to the original; but the Allegro was only interwoven with Gluck's leading thoughts. He introduced so many new and genial turns, that my astonishment continually increased. Especially striking were his modulations, without being harsh, and he knew how to string upon the leading thoughts so many melodic embellishments, that they seemed continually to re-appear in new and rejuvenescent forms. His face glowed; now his eyebrows contracted and a long suppressed rage seemed on the point of violently breaking out, and now his eye swam in tears of deepest sadness. Occasionally, when both hands were busy with the ingenious embellishments, he sang the Thema with a pleasing tenor voice; then he had a most singular way of imitating with his voice the muffled tone of the kettle-drum. I industriously turned over the leaves, closely following his looks. The overture was finished, and he fell back exhausted with closed eyes upon the arm-chair. Presently he revived and turning hastily over several empty pages of the book, he said with a muffled voice:

"All this, my dear sir, I wrote when I came out from the kingdom of dreams. But I betrayed the holy to the unholy, and an ice-cold hand fell upon this glowing heart! It did not break; then was I condemned to wander among the profane, like a departed spirit—formless, so that no one might know me, until the sunflower shall lift me up again to the Eternal.—Ha—now let us sing *Armida's scena*!"

And now he sang the concluding scene of the *Armida* with an expression, that penetrated my

inmost soul. Here too he departed widely from the original; but his altered music was Gluck's *scena* raised as it were to a higher power. All that hatred, love, despair, madness, can express in the strongest outlines, he compressed together powerfully in tones. His voice seemed that of a youth, for from its deep and muffled quality it swelled up to a penetrating strength. All my fibres trembled—I was beside myself. When he had finished, I threw myself into his arms and exclaimed with stifled voice: "What is this? Who are you?" . . .

He stood up and measured me with earnest, penetrating gaze; then, when I would have questioned him further, he had slipped through the door with the light and left me in the dark. This had lasted nearly a quarter of an hour; I despaired of seeing him again and tried, orienting myself by the position of the clavichord, to open the door, when he suddenly re-entered, in an embroidered gala coat, rich vest, and the sword at his side, holding the lamp in his hand.

I was struck dumb with amazement; solemnly he came towards me, took me gently by the hand and with a strange smile said:

"I AM THE RITTER GLUCK!"

[From "Lectures and Miscellanies," by HENRY JAMES.]

### On Universality in Art.

[Second Extract.]

If the past train of observation be just, then we may not fear to accept the definition I have given of a work of Art. It is a work which involves its own end, or is complete in itself. Art is not a term designed to express any particular mode of external activity, but simply to characterize, throughout the whole range of human production, that performance which obeys a purely ideal end, or represents a conception of beauty in the performer's soul. Whatever work of man does not come under this definition, whether it be painting or poetry or sculpture, falls without the sphere of Art. It may be a work of surpassing cleverness, it may greatly excel the work of every other man in the same walk, but it is not a work of Art. It is at best an unsurpassed copy of Nature, and always inferior to the original. Zeuxis may paint natural effects better than Apelles. He may give you such miraculous distances, and so embathe his foliage with the tender freshness of the dawn, that you would swear he knew the very heart of nature, and could utter all her secrets at will. But all this only leaves Zeuxis a painter. It by no means makes him an Artist. For take away a certain effect from nature, and you leave him powerless. To be a first-rate painter one must be a faithful copyist of nature, as to be a first-rate poet one must be a faithful copyist of the human heart. But to be an Artist in either sphere is to do something more than copy. It is to make poetry and painting serve ideas, or express a beauty above nature and beyond the range of our private affections. Zeuxis accordingly has been a zealous student or copyist of nature. He has watched her more wistfully than the spider watches the fly. In the voluminous note-book of his memory, he has recorded all her shifting phantasmagoria, and is quite sure that he will one day seize her with a grasp which all men shall deem immortal.

But the Artist avoids all this fidget. He loves and enjoys nature, but with no sinister design. He enters the chambers of the morning for a present refreshment, and with no view to the scraps he may carry home in his wallet. He watches the lingering glance of the god of day, because it evokes a mystic rapture in his soul which no other natural symbol can, but he has not the remotest intention of reporting the transaction for the newspapers. He may of course

be, as to his specific intellectual activity, a painter or a poet, and in either capacity will use these fruits of his observation with admirable advantage. All I wish to say is that so far as he is also Artist, the inspiration of his activity will come from within and not from without, will date exclusively from a supersensuous idea, and not from the most gorgeous landscape the sun ever lighted.

It is irreverence therefore shown to Art, a wrong done its great significance, to call a man Artist merely because he is a first-rate painter, sculptor or poet. Art has no more necessary connection with one form of production than another. It has no respect of persons. It commits itself to no specialities. It is a universal spirit manifesting itself in all forms, but compromised by none. Hence the Artist knows no shibboleths, is destitute of all exclusiveness, is in fact modesty itself, feeling himself to be a mere minister and representative of that holy and divine spirit which forgives every sin but self-conceit. To give outward form to inward substance: to give natural body to spiritual conception: such is the office of Art within the entire realm of human production. Who that enters upon this lofty career, but feels his soul purified of all petty and personal ambitions, of all mercenary lusts? For his labor acknowledges no more any outward object, acknowledges no object but the fullest possible expression of beauty.

This is the exact distinction between work, or mercenary labor and Art, that the workman or artisan finds his inspiration without him, in the necessities of his physical and social life: while the Artist finds his within him, or in his ideal. The artisan works for physical and social subsistence, thus from compulsion, and therefore poorly. The Artist works only to satisfy an inspiration, thus from attraction, and therefore divinely. His inward spirit is the exclusive source or object of his activity: his outward organization its means or instrument. Thus in so far as his activity is concerned, he is complete or perfect in himself: while the artisan who finds his inspiration without him, either in the necessities of his nature or his social position, is perpetually incomplete, like a house without an occupant, or a body without a soul.

These considerations explain why men so much dislike mere toil or compulsory work. It is servile and imitative. It is always enforced by some bodily necessity or social duty, by some exigency of one's natural or social position. Aesthetic activity, the activity of the Artist, on the other hand is free and original. It springs not from necessity or duty, but purely from taste or delight. It has an exclusively inward genesis. It proceeds from within to without. It is in every case the embodiment of an idea, and therefore complete in itself. Thus the Artist, the man who is striving to actualize an idea, inevitably feels a sense of human dignity or worth to which the mere paid laborer is a stranger.

MME. PERSIANI, TAMBURINI, &C. The Editor of the *Savannah Republican* writes home to his paper thus from Dresden:

"I am not sure whether it was a piece of good or bad luck to find here the principal artists of the opera in St. Petersburg, who are returning from their winter's engagements in the Russian capital. These people always seem to be afflicted with some indisposition, and to demand much waiting for and caresses. One night Pozzolini, the tenor, was sick—no opera;—on another, Tamburini, the basso,—no opera again; and last Persiani, the soprano—again no opera. I suppose that the feeling which prompts these veteran artists to tread the stage again, may resemble that which keeps the merchant at his task, after his fortune is made.—Application to business becomes almost a necessity, to say nothing of the honest pride of continuing a successful business.

"Persiani is now near fifty years of age, with an ample income—looking on the stage young forty. Her hand and arm are exceedingly beautiful, her whole action admirable to the last degree.



I should doubt if she had lost more than a single note of her voice. Her high notes are pure and silvery, but rather thin. She manages her voice with the most consummate skill. Tamburini's voice is exceedingly impaired. He is now sixty years of age, with an income stated at eighty thousand francs a year. He shows in everything, the finished art of an "old stager." His acting as the Count in the *Sonnambula*, and as the Sergeant in the *Elisir d'Amore*, left nothing to be desired. His fat and red jowls and fair round figure, are jolly enough. Pozzolini is a very fair and pure tenor, with rather a repulsive face and ungainly manner. His voice is husky and disagreeable in the ordinary recitations, where conversation is introduced. Rossi is a barytone of medium quality, but also perfect in his acting—and as Doctor Dulcamara, absolutely without a peer."

**GREGORIO ALLEGRI.** This composer was born at Rome, in 1590, and died there in 1663. He was a singer in the papal chapel, and is considered even still, in Italy, one of the most excellent composers of his age. He was a scholar of Nanini. His *Miserere*, one of the most sublime and delightful works of human art, has particularly distinguished him. It is even now sung yearly, during Passion week, in the Sistine chapel at Rome. This composition was at one time esteemed so holy, that whoever ventured to transcribe it was liable to excommunication. Mozart disregarded this prohibition, and, after two hearings, made a correct copy of the original. It was engraved and published in London in 1771, and it appeared in 1810 at Paris, in the *Collection des Classiques*. In 1773, the king of England obtained a copy, as a present from the Pope himself. According to the opinion of Baini, now or lately the leader of the choir, *maestro della cappella* in the Pope's chapel, the *Miserere* of Allegri was not composed for all the voices, but only the bass of the eighteenth or twenty-first parts; all the rest is the addition of successive singers. But in the beginning of the eighteenth century, the existing manner of singing it was established as a standard at Rome by the orders of the then reigning Pope. A full score of it has never existed. — *Biographie Universelle*.

#### Robert Schumann's Musical Life-Maxims.

LIII. If you can find out little melodies on the piano, it is all very well. But if they come of themselves, without the piano, then you have greater reason to rejoice, for then you stir the inmost musical feeling.—The fingers must make what the head wills, and *vice versa*.

LIV. When you begin to compose, make it all in your head. When you have got a piece all ready, then try it on the instrument. If your music came from your inmost soul, if you have felt it, then it will take effect on others.

LV. Acquire an early knowledge of directing; watch good directors closely; and form a habit of directing with them, silently, and to yourself. This brings clearness into you.

LVI. Be circumspect in your own life, as in other arts and sciences.

LVIII. By industry and perseverance you will always carry it higher.

LIX. From a pound of iron, bought for a few pence, many thousand watch-springs may be made, whereby the value is increased a hundred thousand fold. The pound which God has given you, improve it faithfully.

LXI. Art is not for the end of getting riches. Only become a greater and greater Artist; the rest will come of itself.

LXIII. Perhaps only genius fully understands genius.

LXIV. Some one maintained, that a perfect musician must be able, on the first hearing of a complicated orchestral work, to see it as in bodily score before him. That is the highest that can be conceived of.

LXV. There is no end of learning.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

#### VINETA.

FROM THE GERMAN.

[VINETA is the name of a lake on the island of Rügen, in the Baltic. Tradition says, it sprang up on the site of a ruined city, and that the bells thereof may be heard ringing from below the water. A friend has furnished us the following two translations of the poem, made by different hands. The first preserves the measure of the original.—Ed.]

From the lake's unfathomed waters ringing,  
Evening bells sound faintly through the air;  
Thus to mortals wondrous tidings bringing  
From the fair old wondrous city there.

Low it rests, with earth no more connected,  
Waters now its lonely ruins lave;  
Still, from pinnacle and spire reflected,  
Golden sparks are mirrored in the wave.

And the boatman who, with eye enchanted,  
Once hath seen the light, at sunset clear,  
Ever seeks the magic spot, undaunted,  
Heeding not the rocks that threaten near.

From the heart's unfathomed depths, a ringing  
Comes to me like faintly sounding bells;  
Ah! it cometh, wondrous tidings bringing,—  
Of the love once cherished there it tells.

To those depths a beauteous world is given,—  
Sunken there its ruins still remain;  
Still they shine like golden sparks of Heaven,  
In the mirror of my dreams again.

Then, beneath the waters disappearing,  
Would I sink in yon reflection fair,  
And, as if angelic voices hearing,  
Fain would seek the wondrous city there.

#### THE SAME—ANOTHER VERSION.

From the Ocean's depths unsounded  
Evening bells still faintly chime,  
Telling how the beauteous city  
Stood there in the olden time.

Sunk beneath the restless waters,  
Still remain its ruins gray;  
Still its towers, as from a mirror,  
Give back sunset's golden ray.

And the seaman, on whose vision  
Once that witching gleam hath shone,  
Ever steers his vessel thither,  
Though huge rocks around are strewn.

From the spirit's depths unsounded  
Bells to me still faintly chime—  
Ah! they whisper wondrous tidings—  
Of its love in by-gone time.

There a beauteous world has perished,  
Brightly still its ruins gleam,  
Shedding off rich hues of heaven  
O'er the mirror of life's dream.

In those depths I fain would plunge me,  
Drown me in the golden light—  
And it seems an angel calls me  
Into that old city bright.

Richmond, Va., Aug. 26, 1844.

E. H. W.

#### GRISI IN "LE PROPHETE."

The moment Grisi appeared on the stage as John of Leyden's mother, leading her son's betrothed into the presence of their haughty feudal lord, it was evident that she was the very personage imagined by the dramatist. In her plain, unadorned, 'sad-colored' attire, she looked to perfection the comely matron of humble life, simple and timid, but with something in her countenance and manner indicating the strength and energy which belong to the character. She was very quiet in this scene; standing behind *Bertha*, and echoing her petition, she did not accompany her words with Viardot's rustic curtsies, which had such a quaint and comic effect; but her air of meek humility was more true to nature than the more

demonstrative manner of her precursor. The scene in the third act, where *Fides* appears as a forlorn wanderer, begging alms in the marketplace of Munster, was most beautifully acted. Beneath her mean and squalid attire there was still that air of distinction which so remarkable a heroine can never lose; and the tone in which she repeated her simple supplication, "Pieta, pieta!" was pathos itself. The meeting with *Bertha*, a wandering pilgrim like herself—the subdued, maternal tenderness of *Fides*, contrasted with the young woman's burst of girlish rapture—was finely represented on both sides, Madame Castellan's *Bertha* being throughout a charming performance. But it was in the great scene in the cathedral that Grisi's triumph was complete. The mother's wild scream, when she sees in the splendid figure of the *Prophet*—the impostor, the object of her utter detestation—her own lost son—the struggling passions with which she hears him, looking in her face, coldly ask the bystanders what "this woman" wants; and her utter helplessness when she sinks on the ground, and suffers him to wring from her a confirmation of his denial that he is her son—were given with that intensity of power which Grisi, of all our musical tragedians, alone possesses. The audience seemed electrified; and, when the scene closed, their enthusiasm burst into shouts of applause, reiterated for many minutes.

In regard to the vocal part of the performance, it was some disadvantage that the music is written for a voice of a lower register than Grisi's; but this disadvantage was much slighter than we had expected. Her voice, though a soprano, never was a high one; its quality has always been full and voluminous, and its low notes particularly rich and mellow. It has lost something of its flexibility and brilliancy in the upper part of the scale; but its lower notes are better than ever, and it may now be regarded as the finest mezzo-soprano on the stage. Such being the case, the music of *Fides* suffered little in passing through her lips. She made some unimportant changes in passages here and there, but they were made with skill and judgment, and on the whole the text was substantially adhered to, with no other injury than an occasional weakness of tone in some of the lowest notes. But, with this slight drawback, her singing was as admirable as her acting; and we are convinced that, whoever may assume the character of *Fides*, no one will eclipse Grisi so long as her powers continue to be what they are now. — *London News*.

#### Music in Cincinnati—Importance of Musical Clubs.

In the Cincinnati *Daily Citizen* we find the following remarks. Their truth applies to very many places, which have not a musical reputation, and perhaps to some which have. Good elements exist in many and many a place, which are as good as lost without the mutual genial stimulus of association.

"MUSICAL CLUBS. — A correspondent of *Dwight's Journal of Music*, writes:—

"You ask me, what musical items I have gathered on the short trip, which I have just made westward? Alas, one can travel from Dan to Beersheba as in old times and find all is (nearly) barren. But the singing master is abroad, and in some of the larger places, Cincinnati, Chicago, Milwaukee, Cleveland, &c., I am told that the seed is sown and that sometime or other the harvest will come. Heaven grant it."

"This is a musical city—that is, so far as a desire to cultivate the science of music, and the power to appreciate its charms can establish its claim to that title. Talent of a high order is to be found in its *professionals* and in some of its amateurs; yet, from want of that great essential, *association*, it is not apparent to the stranger. If the musical talent of Cincinnati was concentrated in one, or more "musical societies," the correspondent above quoted, could have judged for himself, and needed not to be told 'that the seed is sown.'

"As far as we know, there is no society of this nature in the city, outside the ranks of our Ger-

man friends; and we are cognizant of the fact, that a desire for the formation of one exists in some of our professional musicians. Why not organize one?

"The arts of painting and sculpture cannot flourish without the aid of Art Unions, or academies, or artist's societies. Musical talent runs to waste, unless it is brought into some available form, in an organized body."

To the above we take the liberty of adding an extract from a letter, which we some time since received from the proprietors of the principal Music Hall in Cincinnati:

"Having been for some years engaged in the piano business here, and having also, since last fall, been the owners of the principal Concert Hall of this city, we have had occasion to note particularly the taste in regard to amusements and entertainments generally, and although negro concerts and popular music, *popularly rendered*, still draw the largest houses and pay the most surely, we yet observe that each year classical and scientific performances become more esteemed and appreciated and really fine musicians better repaid for visiting us. Were papers like yours more widely circulated and read than as yet they are, we doubt not that this improvement would become still more clearly and rapidly manifest, and not our musicians only, but our citizens generally be the gainers."

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 17, 1852.

### Music of Summer—Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony.

Musical journalizing in these July days, with the thermometers racing on *great heats*, amid the hot bricks and altogether unmusical circumstances of the city, hardly seems the thing. At least, so sang the little bird to us, this morning, that swung upon the tree in our neighbor's garden near our window. Dear warbler, we will follow thee anon to the green fields and breezy hills;—but for some space yet must we "fast in fires." Meanwhile is not Art in close affinity with Nature? And Music above all, has she not embodied in immortal harmonies much of the purest essence of the country and the summer? Therefore in lieu of feeble, feverish beatings of the brain for novelty, we make no excuse this time for falling back upon old memories and impressions of that wonderful music that has many times transported us, even in winter, to the delights of summer in the woods and fields.

Remember, these our notes were taken down some twelve or fifteen years ago, and doubtless would appear quite imperfect on a present re-examination of the music. But we doubt if we could convey the *spirit* of it much more truly now, than we did then, when feeling was the better part of knowledge.

"The 'PASTORAL SYMPHONY' is called the highest achievement of descriptive music. Beethoven composed it in the long summer afternoons, which he spent in a rural spot just out of Vienna, seated upon a style, and surrendering himself to all the sounds and sights and sensations of the country, so grateful to the tired denizen of the city.

"Sensations on arriving in the country," is the title which he has prefixed to the first movement,

the Allegro. And in this he is true to the genius of Music, in not attempting to describe the country, but only the sensations with which its blithe free air, its cool green spaces, its far-spread smiling landscapes, and its myriad intermingled voices of birds, insects, cattle, men, with the thousand-fold accompaniment of wind and water and the universal hum, inspire one. The melody has a light, tilting motion, which calls up at once that almost dizziness with which the too strong pulse of nature overpowers us. The successive phrases *steal in* upon the almost listless reverie of the hearer. He heeds no single object; but all the things of summer and the country chime in sweet confusion with the rhythm of his thoughts. There is a pulsing, a throbbing through the whole movement, which every one will understand, who has wooed nature alone. The mingling harmonies swell and subside like a crowd of waves: now it is an over-full and stunning rapture, and now it reels and ebbs away, the fainting of too much ecstasy. As to pictures, the mind is free to imagine what it will. It is idle to go to music for a description of nature; but sometimes a description of this music is helped out by an allusion to nature. Thus when a snatch of melody lights like a sunbeam on the topmost notes of the flutes and oboes, thence glides down through the violins, the seconds, the tenors, the deep, full violoncellos, till finally the double basses convey it down to depths inaudible, the musical hearer, who can scarce contain his pleasure, may be excused if he try to make his neighbor *see* it, by telling him to imagine himself stretched upon a grassy slope in a summer afternoon, dreaming of all, attentive to nothing round him, till he is seduced from his own vague feeling, and led on a chase over the sunny meadows by some travelling shadow, that comes up from behind him, and sweeps on before him till it has measured the whole visible horizon, and is lost in the distance, just as that wandering melody measured the whole compass of the orchestra; or by some sudden breeze that bends the grass before him, and leads him on in its wake, till he can see no further;—and if this sentence sins against rhetoric by its mixed metaphors, so much the truer is it to the music, so much the more like a summer afternoon in the country. Those acquainted with the technical structure of a Symphony, will best recognize the passage which we mean, if we call it the *counter-theme*, or *middle subject* of the first division of the Allegro. And perhaps it will be well, (regarding all thus far said as only a general characterizing of the whole movement,) to attempt a more orderly description of it.

"Let it be understood, then, that every Symphony is cast in a certain uniform mould; that its mechanical form is conventional. Haydn invented, at any rate perfected it; and Beethoven could accommodate his crowded thoughts to it without much sacrifice; just as Byron declared that the stream of his inspiration leaped and sparkled all the more vigorously within the rocky bounds of rhyme and the Spenserian stanza. In the Symphony it is the first movement only which is strictly Symphonic. This is commonly an Allegro, consisting of two divisions. The former contains all the simple themes or *motivi*, and is always repeated. The latter is the working up of these themes into all manner of transformations and combinations; and it is here that the skill and science of the

artist are put in requisition; his problem being to stick to his text, and never repeat himself, to develop the *motivi* of the first division into inexhaustible novelties. Attend well, then, to the first division of the Allegro, (which for this very reason is always repeated,) and you have the key to the whole labyrinth of harmonies into which it introduces you. It begins always with the main theme or tune of the piece, then modulates gradually into the fifth of the key, which gives an answering melody, the *counter-theme*, or *middle subject*, then through a somewhat lengthened cadence, often enriched with several new melodies, returns into the first *theme*, modulates as before into the *counter-theme*, and winds away through the same lengthened cadence, not to return again, but to pass into a new world of endless transformations, into the *second division*, where forms are varied and multiplied without end; but in each one you still recognize the old features of the first themes; always novelty, but no new subjects. Such is the skeleton of the Allegro, or first movement of a Symphony; which is always in the *Symphonic* form. Then follows the slow and thoughtful Andante or Adagio, which is commonly in the Rondo form; that is, an air repeated three or four times, only each time with a more florid accompaniment. Awhile it dallies in the graceful, playful form of the Minuet or Trio, or fantastic Scherzo; and then it gives full reins, and lets excited fancy spend itself in the rapid, wild Finale.

"Such is the form of the Pastoral Symphony. Gardiner says that the ground-tone of the all-pervading hum in the open air is what is marked in our scale, F natural. The Allegro of the Pastoral commences in F. If now it were possible to detect, not only this ground-tone, but also the ground *theme* or melody, not only the key-note, but also the tune of Nature's music, it would be no more than what the instinct of genius has done in the opening theme of this Allegro. Beethoven seems to have caught the very tune of the fields. That is, he has caught their spirit; and in him it passed into melody. The spirit, the breath of Summer, in the mild June afternoon, came over him, as over her own harp, (for such he was, a harp of nature, by his whole organization,) and drew from him her own melody. Herein lies the genius of the whole; the discovery of this one melody; it is getting into the country. It is a very simple song; but it touches the right feeling; if any one has any love of nature in him, it transports him through that feeling to the scenes of its sweetest converse, where it first had birth. Beautiful is the way in which this air is introduced. At first a mere snatch of it, just a phrase of a couple of bars, from a single instrument, as if some wandering zephyr sung it as it passed by; then a long hold upon the last note, as if surprised and wondering what will come of this. Anon it is answered in another quarter; kindred phrases blend with it; different instruments repeat it with fuller harmonies; it melts away in the distance, and, when we think it gone, it comes up again from the deep basses; it resounds in full octaves from the whole band; it fills all things; it is the tune of Nature! Out of this simple air all the rest follows of course; all the successive melodies and modulations flow out of it and return back into it by the same necessity by which all the parts of a landscape seem to date from and illustrate every single



part; 'we are all *one*, though many,' they seem to say; the one you look at is looking at another as if that were lovelier, and they all point you from one to the other, till you are lost in the whole and know not which is loveliest; each most lovely because it lives in the whole, and does not obtrude itself. This is the feeling we have with nature, in the open fields; this sense of one in all; this wandering through an infinite maze, bewildered and refreshed at once. Such is the effect of this simple melody and all which it conducts to. Buoyantly and lightly it creeps up over us and whirls our thoughts away with it in graceful dance over the sunny grassy plains and hills afar, till we forget ourselves in blissful reverie, mingling our essence with the wholesome universal air, blending with the scene, and feeling the whole landscape with as much thrilling sense as we feel our own body. There is a slight drowsiness in the melody; the going to sleep of disturbing individual thoughts, while the mind wakes to the sense of universal harmony; the closing of the eyes upon vulgar glare, and escap-  
ing into the milder halo of beauty.

"The tide has reached the full, thrilling through every pipe and string of the whole orchestra, and is now ebbing away, when a new subject is introduced. To the vague succeeds the definite. Some particular phenomenon awakes us from our reverie. It is thus we always enjoy beauty in nature and in art; we oscillate between the sense of unity and of variety. The parts seduce us from the whole, though only to lead us back to it again. We can no more remain in that first mood than a melody can go on, or even complete its own scale, without shifting from its key-note upon the chord of the dominant. And so the theme modulates into the counter-theme above described. First there is a disturbance in the rhythm; its smooth flow is crossed by a sort of shudder in the harmonies; like a ruffling breeze brushing across the glassy transparency of running water. Once, twice — it comes from the mysterious horns, and the last time with the expectant discord of the *dominant seventh*. The key is decided — the new melody traverses the orchestra from highest flutes to deep as the double bass can carry it; that first stir of the breeze has changed the whole scene;

"Lo! where the grassy meadow runs in waves!"

"And now,  
Among the nearer groves, chestnut and oak  
Are tossing their green boughs about."

"And 'see, on yonder woody ridge  
The pine is bending his proud top."

"The cloud sails over, a shadow scuds across the plain, which we dreamily watch till it is lost. In a third phrase, a jubilant rapturous strain, we exult in the fullness of wild life. The heart of nature throbs too close and overpoweringly. The tide of rapture turns and ebbs away in the long cadence of a fourth melody, which tilts between the key-note and the dominant, softer and softer, dying away, till all is calm again, so that you can hear once more that first simple air, the constant tune of nature. And soon, the whole four melodies are repeated from the beginning, making the ear quite familiar with them; and then in the second division they are transposed and multiplied and blended together in an endless maze of harmony. Turn where you will, you meet some floating fragment of these melodies; everything is a reminiscence of one or more of them; a thousand mirrors reflect, however colored or distorted, their expression; and, in the gay confusion, every

glance and tone of summer and the country are suggested. Transported by the tune, the mind is free to roam and feast itself at pleasure upon all the fancied resemblances which it can trace, as in the veins of marble, or in the coals upon the hearth, not bound to see them twice alike. One expression, however pervades the whole. It is all buoyant, peaceful, full of life; the whole air sparkles and twinkles with tiny sounds and voices, like fairy bells. It betrays a deep *love* of nature. It is not the mere cheerfulness of a child; not all sensation, like the sunny Haydn; but the restoring spell of the green fields exerted upon a deep and thought-sick mind. It is the poet's sense of nature; the poet quenching his restless longings in a world that does not contradict, but smile and sing to his ideas; the poet, who brings to the feast of beauty as much as he receives. The lord of this sweet pastoral creation is no light-hearted Adam in Paradise, no idle swain cheered by bright weather, but rather Endymion, the shepherd prince, who pined in secret for a Goddess and found sympathy only in the woods and fields. Haydn's descriptive pieces are *Idyls*, simple, cheerful pictures out of common life. They paint the actual merely. Beethoven's make the outward world a mirror of the soul. He does not copy the forms, but communes with the *spirit* of nature. Nothing could well be more cheerful and tranquil than this first movement; but it took a Beethoven to compose it. Others may have clear senses and observe minutely; but lovers and mystics and deep-souled men have always painted nature with most truth. They alone see the Naiad in the fountain, and hear the oaten reed of Pan in the woods.

"But, to resume the thread of the story. From the first '*sensations on arriving in the country*,' we may suppose our wanderer to sink back into himself. The Andante is called the '*Walk by the brook-side*;' a sombre, melancholy strain, in the same slow, wide-winding Siciliano measure, with the little Symphony in the '*Messiah*.' There is a mingling of low gurgling melodies flowing on continually in one rich, cool harmony; and clear above all this, one high part sings on musically to itself, ever and anon pausing and taking up the tune again. It is a song without words; with the purling of the stream, and the rustling of the leafy arches overhead, and the chirping of the birds for an accompaniment; a man absorbed in his feelings, while dreamily the waters chime in with their involuntary tune. As a motto to the whole might stand the famous stanza from the *Fairie Queene*:

"The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,  
Their notes unto the voice attempered sweet;  
Th' angelical, soft, trembling voices made  
To th' instruments divine response meet;  
The silver-sounding instruments did meet  
With the base murmur of the water's fall;  
The waters' fall, with difference discreet,  
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;  
The gentle, warbling wind low answer-ed to all."

"By degrees, insensibly, the song drops into a more and more absorbed and melancholy key. Mechanically following the winding of the brook, he enters into deeper and cooler shades: the mingling accompaniment, the murmur of the water, the mysterious trembling of the wind-harp in the pines, become more and more like living intelligences, responding to his mood. What is the burthen of that melancholy song? What is it that he pores over in his mind, while the woods and rocks seem half to understand? What is

the sweet tormenting doubt, he longs yet fears to have resolved? Answer him, ye viewless spirits of the shade, ye Oreads and Naiads, ye Fauns and Echoes! All is still; and hark! the earnest, flute-like voice of the nightingale calls through the silence! the cuckoo and the quail chime in! He hails the omen, relapses into the old tune of his thoughts again; but only for a moment; for now he emerges into the summer sun, and nature's gay variety delivers him again from himself.

"Now follows the joyous *Scherzo*, describing the festivities and dances of the villagers, which we imagine our wanderer to be watching from some high station. The thunder storm bursts over them; and for a while all the elements are mingled, all is hurry and confusion. As the last thunders roll away and the last scattering rain drops patter down irregularly, how solemnly and thoughtfully a reminiscence of the old tune of the Andante emerges from the darkness, together with the welcome light of day. Wonderful is the music which follows. All things glitter with the crystal drops — the setting sun pours in his parting benediction beneath the clouds, filling the earth with showers of golden light. How crystal-clear and fresh and trembling with faint joy is every harmony! From all the hills echo the horns of the herdsmen calling home their flocks. These give the movement to the whole; light, pattering, measured steps, ever and anon crowding upon one another, keep time to it. These together form the descriptive accompaniment, while over all rises a religious strain of childlike gratitude and wonder, the hymn of the heart, in the great cathedral where the golden cloud-curtained West forms the oriel window, and the voices and echoes of every happy living thing, the choir.

"We feel that this Symphony answers the whole question about the *descriptive* or *imitative* powers of music. It shows us how far, and in what way, outward nature may be conveyed in music. Abounding as it does in such allusions, we do not feel that any part of it is artificial and forced, or a perversion of music to other than its legitimate uses. And that for this reason: that it does not literally copy nature, but only utters the poet's *feeling* of nature, which, like every feeling, can summon up a thousand shapes and scenes by its enchantment. If such music in Haydn is often only cold and outside *imitation*, in Beethoven it is *interpretation* of nature.

"In strict truth, music cannot imitate nature, since *nature imitates music*. Music as an art is first born with the higher sentiments of man — nature without man does not contain subject enough for it. But throughout all material nature we discern glimmerings of a higher idea, strivings upward towards that perfection only revealed in man. Those curious veins in marble and mahogany are not for nothing; the human groups we trace in them seem to be incomplete developments of the pervading laws of form, first sketches predicting that perfection of form which shall appear in man, and still more in man's ideal executing itself in statues of the gods. So with sounds. All the material laws of sound are tending towards the highest art or music. In nature they already produce an imperfect music; in man they attain to Art. Let man give utterance to his own high feeling of nature, or of the harmony, the unity in variety, of all things, in worthy strains of music, and unconsciously that music will suggest all those feeble imitations and predictions of the same,

with which the tuneful air of nature swarms. Thus we have nature in music, and yet music the language of feeling, which we have all along assumed it to be. Sing the feeling which you had with nature, and you are at once transported to her lap. This Beethoven does. Nature lives to him. He penetrates to the heart of every subject and brings out its latent music. Every thing in nature has a correspondence to something in the soul of man. This correspondence a deep and earnest soul not only sees, but feels; and every feeling has its melody; thus every object has its music.

"But, as was said before, nature gives out her deeper meaning and her music only to those who have a corresponding depth of life. Nature is more to the poet, than to other men; and it took all the mystic depths and soul-stirring knowledge of Beethoven, so to feel the spirit of nature, until it became a melody in his mind, as he has done in this Pastoral Symphony.

"In this music we have the sunny side of Beethoven; here his genius disports itself in its lightest and most comprehensible style. And yet even this is no unworthy overture to the vast and mysterious drama which his more characteristic works unfold. Even while we yield ourselves up with him to the mild exhilaration of this summer afternoon ramble in the country, we are not without forebodings of the mysterious and almost supernatural character of our genial guide; something about him shakes our soul to the very centre."

TOM MOORE. There could scarcely be a more welcome announcement to the general mass of music-lovers, than the following, which we copy from the *Boston Pilot*. "Moore's Melodies," with Stevenson's music, are in their way "classics;" at all events, they have intertwined themselves with the sweetest memories of home and pleasant evenings of all who speak the English language, and who have loved to hear it wedded to that higher universal language of the heart, which Music is.

"THE IRISH MELODIES OF THOMAS MOORE. Tom Moore, glorious Tom Moore! Ireland's sweetest bard and the world's most favorite songster! Our readers will receive with delight a paragraph of intelligence which we have to communicate, namely, that the enterprising music publisher of this city, Oliver Ditson, in connection with Mr. Donahoe, have in press 'Moore's Irish Melodies,' accompanied with the music as it originally appeared from the pen of Sir John Stevenson.

"The public are furnished with numerous editions of the 'Irish Melodies,' but in a form which always gave pain to their gifted author.

Music and poetry were wedded in the heart of Moore; to him they were one and inseparable, and nothing gave him greater distress than the sight of his 'Irish Melodies' crowded together in one volume, unaccompanied by the Notes with which they were always associated in his own mind.

The edition about to be issued will be a treasure of invaluable worth to every Irishman as a testimony of the genius of his country; and to every lover of music, as the truest offering with which to approach the shrine of his devotion. For ourselves, we look with no small degree of pleasure to the time of its publication. Irishmen and the friends of Erin may well be proud of Moore, and though

"The harp that once thro' Tara's halls  
The soul of music shed,  
Now hangeth mute on Tara's walls  
Because that Soul hath fled,"

yet the note it struck and the thrilling tones it gave forth will live for ages in this volume of 'Irish Melodies.' We are to have the words and those stirring national airs within the covers of one volume. The book will be ready in two or three days."

### Musical Review.

SCNEIDER'S *Practical Organ School*, &c., &c. pp. 99. Boston: O. Ditson. Price, \$2.50.

This is altogether the most important work that has yet appeared in this country for young organists. Both in precept and in illustration it is very rich. It offers a choice and full collection of the best kind of organ music, in short forms, for ordinary church service; including Preludes (in two and three parts) by RINCK, and Voluntaries (sixty-three in number) by Rinck, Schneider, Hesse, Handel, Beethoven, Pergolesi, Bach, and others. These are all pieces of impressive beauty and in genuine organ style.

Besides the music, there is a large body of general information given, about the instrument, the manner of its construction, the mode of playing and of tuning it, the use of the pedals and the stops, with exercises in fingering, and about the elements of music generally. An appendix embodies the more elementary portions of Schneider's excellent Theory of Harmony.

*The Belles of Boston: Galop Fantastique*, for the Piano. ALFRED JAELE. pp. 11. Price, 50 cents. G. P. Reed & Co.

One of the fluent, sparkling productions of this light-fingered favorite, which no doubt the belles will duly appreciate; and happy will that one be, who can approach the author's facile grace in playing it.

*Gems of German Song. Seventh Series.* G. P. Reed & Co.

No. 4. *Where is the German Fatherland?* REICHARDT.

No. 5. *Du Geist der Wolke*, (Thou Spirit of the Cloud.) A. KREISSMANN. With Translation by HENRY WARE.

We overlooked these two in our last notice of the "Gems." The first is one of the glorious patriotic songs of Deutschland, glorious in its music and its words.

Mr. Kreissmann's song—we think it can be no mere fancy of our own—is more in the vein of some of Schubert's wild and deep creations, than we had supposed it possible for another to write. This certainly is high praise. It is a simple, solemn, true song; best suited to a tenor voice.

### Musical Intelligence.

#### Local.

THE NEW MUSIC HALL. The work progresses steadily and rapidly. Before Saturday night the slating will be completed, and then, the operations being *à l'abri*—from weather or other possible interruption, the time of opening can be safely and accurately fixed.

Such a work as this, open from the beginning to public inspection and miscellaneous criticism, can hardly be expected to escape the dilemma of the man with his ass and son, or the painter who invited criticism on his picture. Fortunately, the architect has the moral of these fables by heart, and will succeed in pleasing at least himself and his advisers.

One point in the arrangements which has provoked the most confident censures in one or two learned gentlemen, is the style and disposition of the Orchestra. We feel little doubt that it will soon vindicate its peculiar excellencies. In the mean time let us describe it.

The stage (which is not yet laid) is curved in front, its greatest projection into the hall from the lowest of the orchestra platforms being twelve feet; from the rear of this stage platforms (eight in number, and of an aggregate depth of twenty-four feet,) commence rising rearward to the level of the organ floor; the upper one being on a level with the floor of the first balcony, so that on the few occasions when a choir exceeding two hundred in number shall be present, the surplus can be conveniently and appropriately seated in the nearest balcony seats; and on such occasions as shall attract a

great crowd, from one to two hundred of the audience can be accommodated with orchestra seats. The rise of each platform is one foot,—the first one (which is the stage) being four feet above the hall floor.

But the greatest charm of the contrivance, is that by which the stage may be approached on its own level at three points from the orchestra rooms, (at each side and in the centre,) thus securing artists against one of the greatest trials to which they are ordinarily exposed—that of mounting steps just before singing or playing. It is especially from artists that this arrangement has already met with the warmest commendation and approval. By no other arrangement is a choir heard to such advantage,—by no other can a large number of persons be so perfectly conducted. It was after very great deliberation and patient research that this plan was elected and decided on, and there is no point in the distribution of the interior, in which the architect and directors feel more confidence than in this. A minor incidental advantage not yet named, is the fine effect on the eye.

I meant to describe the eminent advantages of the auditorium over other halls known to us. But I have used too much of your space already, and will only name one particular. The corridors, which traverse the entire length of the two sides of the hall, on the three stories, giving forty-two doors of entrance to the hall, secure a complete exemption, to listeners to music or worship, from that greatest of all trials to persons possessed of nerves, of walking in the room in the midst of song or service. From the end corridor-doors, at the four corners of the hall, the entire floor can be seen at a glance, and the late-comer's modesty, as well as the audience's temper, is spared the trial of his wandering all over the house for a seat. He discovers the vacant seats from his reconnoitering hole, walks outside to the door nearest to it, and quietly takes his place without disturbing any one.

A MUSICAL LIBRARY. We find the following in a recent number of the *London Leader*:

"We learn from a correspondent, that LOWELL MASON, Esq., of Boston, United States, has purchased of the heirs of the late composer RINCK, of Darmstadt, the whole of his large and valuable library, and it is now en route via Rotterdam to Boston. Only lately, the Theological Library of the celebrated Neander was purchased at Rochester, New York, and we now congratulate our American friends on this new addition to their treasures, through the liberality and public spirit of the purchaser, who has done so much to create a knowledge and love of the science of music in his native city. The library consists of—

"1. Various Works in the History, Biography, and General Literature of Music, including sets of the various musical periodicals in Germany during the last fifty years.

"2. Theoretical Works—very extensive collection—indeed, all the books on the Science of Music which have been published in Germany.

"3. Books of Church Music, Masses, Motets, &c., with many old and valuable books of Chorals from the sixteenth century down to the present time.

"4. Organ Music—an extensive collection by German writers.

"5. Scores of Operas, and the Vocal Works, especially of the older German school.

"6. Very many educational Works, Singing Schools, School Song Books, &c.

"7. Much Manuscript Music, including a collection of Psalms for double choir by Rinck, and other valuable Organ and Vocal Music which has never been published.

"8. Autographs by many of the German composers.

"9. A large Gallery of Portraits, many of which are now exceedingly rare."

#### London.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. The programme of the eighth and last concert (June 28th) was as follows:

#### PART I.

Sinfonia, "Im Freien,"	Ferd. Hiller.
Aria, "Non mi dir," Madame Clara Novello (Don Giovanni)	Mozart.
Concerto, Violin, M. Vieuxtemps.	Beethoven.
Romance, "A peine au sortir de l'enfance," Signor Gardoni (Joseph)	Mehul.
Overture (Jessonda)	Spohr.

#### PART II.

Sinfonia in A minor, No. 3.	Mendelssohn.
Aria, "Hide me from day's garish eye," Madame Clara Novello.	Handel.
Duetto, "Beata Nicta," Mmes. Clara Novello and Signor Gardoni.	Spohr.
Overture (Leonora)	Beethoven.

Says the Times:

"The European reputation of Herr Ferdinand Hiller—who has distinguished himself as a composer in almost



all the higher branches of the art, and who, as the successor of Mendelssohn in the direction of the famous *Gewandhaus* concerts at Leipzig, and, more recently, as *Kapellmeister* and principal of the *Conservatoire* at Cologne, has acquired one of the most honored names among the teachers of the art in Germany—imparted a special interest to the first performance in England of his symphony in G major. The design of Herr Hiller in this elaborate work was to convey, through the universal language of music, his impressions of country life and scenery. So far he has imitated the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven; but with the mere design all resemblance to that immortal inspiration ceases. Herr Hiller thinks for himself, and disdains to be a copyist. As we never heard his symphony before, we cannot pretend to give a decided opinion of its pretensions as a work of art. It is enough to say that the impression we received from a first hearing was highly favorable. The opening movement, *allegro con moto*, ('In the fields,') delighted us by its freshness and spontaneity of thought; and the *intermezzo*, a lively *allegretto*, ('In the valley,') by its quaintness and simplicity. The *adagio*, ('In the wood,') contains some beautiful passages, amidst a prevailing vagueness of character, which a closer familiarity would, doubtless, dispel. The *finale*, ('Upon the mountains,') a riece movement of great vigor, appeared to us to be less immediately clear in plan than the others; nor did the principal themes impress us so strongly as those of the preceding movements. That the entire symphony, however, is the work of a master, thoroughly conversant with all the secrets of his art, cannot admit of a question."

**JOSEPH JOACHIM.** "Of his precocious talent as a boy, of the influence of Mendelssohn upon his studies, of his appointment to share with Liszt the duties of *Kapellmeister* at the court of Weimar, and of his gradual advance to the high position he now enjoys in his profession, we have previously spoken. Although only twenty-one years of age, Herr Joachim enjoys the privilege of a name, and possesses the acquirements of a master. As a performer on the violin he stands in the first rank; and, as a composer, he has already won a place among those who have done much for the progress of the instrument."

"The concert was of first-rate pretensions. The programme was strictly 'classical,' and one of the principal features was a grand orchestra—rivaling that of the Philharmonic Society in strength and efficiency—led by M. Sainton, and conducted by Herr Ferdinand Hiller, a musician of acknowledged eminence. The performances of Herr Joachim included: Beethoven's concerto in D, (the only one written for the violin by that great composer,) a fantasia on Hungarian airs, and a *concertstück* in G minor, composed by himself, and the 24th caprice of Paganini, originally intended as a solo study, to which an introduction and orchestral accompaniments have been added. . . . In the *concertstück* in G minor, which consists of a single movement, Herr Joachim has put forth all his strength as a musician, and has succeeded in producing a composition of high character and great interest, in which breadth of outline, fine melody, skillful adaptation of the passages to the instrument, and rich and elaborate orchestral treatment, are all exhibited in the most favorable manner. For mechanical difficulties, at once original and striking, the *concertstück* of Herr Joachim surpasses anything that has been composed for the violin, except, perhaps, the *Allegro Pathétique* of Ernst, to which, in other respects, it bears no resemblance.—*Times*."

**OXFORD COMMEMORATION FESTIVAL.** On the first day (June 22d) was a Sacred concert in the theatre, consisting of selections from St Paul, &c. The principal singers were Clara Novello, Locky, Miss Williams, Staudigl, Sims Reeves and Mrs. Messent.—On the second day a miscellaneous Concert: Sofie Cruvelli failed to fulfil her engagement; but Mlle. Clauss more than consoled the audience. The gem of the concert was admitted to be Clara Novello's *Bel Raggio* from *Semiramide*. Joachim's fantasia on the violin, and Bottesini's Concerto on the contra-basso were "astounding."—Musical exercises on the conferring of degrees of Doctor and Bachelor of Music followed.

**STERNDALE BENNETT'S CLASSICAL PIANO CONCERT.** The pianoforte pieces consisted of Beethoven's Trio in D, op. 70, played by Mr. Bennett, with Messrs. Joachim and Piatti; Paradies' third Sonata in E major; Handel's Chaconne in G; Sebastian Bach's Sonata in E, for piano and violin; and Mr. Bennett's new Sonata Duo for the piano and violoncello, played by himself and Signor Piatti. Among these pieces, Paradies' Sonata was peculiarly interesting; this composer's name is almost forgotten now-a-days, yet he was a great man in his time. He was the master of Clementi, and one of the "fathers" of the pianoforte. Mr. Bennett's Sonata Duo is a very fine work; it is beautifully written for both instruments, and, being exquisitely played in both parts, its effect was charming. Some pretty vocal pieces were performed by Miss Louisa Pyne, Signor Marras, and Mrs. Endersohn, particularly Mr. Bennett's graceful and tender ballad, "To Cloe in Sickness," which Mrs. Endersohn sang with great feeling.—*Daily News*.

**WILHELMINA CLAUS.** "Vivian" talks so pleasantly about her, that we must give her place again:

"Her Matinée on Saturday last drew a full and loving audience, who welcomed with effusion the young angel of the chords; for, to say the truth, this young incarnation of the Sensitive Plant is one of the idolatries of our present season: she is one of those happy stars which, once seen, become a sentiment and a passion. Our most eminent music critic has taken her severely, but, as I believe, with the best and rarest kindness, to task, for some rather ostentatious failures in her more ambitious attempts. She is young enough in years, and, I trust, in spirit, to profit by counsels as full of generous wisdom as they are eminently deserving of respect. As for me, who merely represent the popular breath, I blow her a kiss, (she was nearly devoured last Saturday by the old ladies near the platform,) and whisper into her ear, to cultivate by self-denying and severe study a claim to that higher kind of applause which subsides into a more tranquil admiration. One rare pleasure attaches to her playing: it seems not so much an exhibition as a ministration, and this love winged by a genius so airy and so delicate will surely carry her far."—*Leader*, June 26.

**OPERA.** At her Majesty's there had been little new. Mlle. Wagner had left England *sine die*. At the Royal Italian, the event has been GRISI's assumption of the rôle of *Fides*, in the *Prophète*, in which the Wagner was to have made her debut. (For a description of this see third page of this number.)

#### Germany.

**COLOGNE.** The *Zeitung*, of June 18th, has the following:

"HENRIETTA SONTAG, who, at the end of Summer, will undertake an artistic journey to America, has invited the talented and popular composer, CARL ECKERT, whose opera "William of Orange" enjoys so high a reputation, to accompany her thither. It will not be forgotten that Eckert last season was joined with Ferdinand Hiller in the direction of the Italian Opera at Paris."

**DRESDEN.** A new Oratorio: "David," by REISSIGER, has been produced. It is called his best work.—The *Missa Solennis* of EMIL NAUMANN, so successfully brought out last winter by the Singacademie at Berlin, was performed in the Court Chapel.

**BALLENSTEDT.** A grand two days festival, at the end of June, under Liszt's direction, was to unite the chapels of Weimar, Dessau and Ballenstedt. To this end the Duke of Bernburg had given the use of the hall of the castle, holding about 3,000 persons. The programme for the first day promised: the Overture to Wagner's *Tannhäuser*; Recitative and Aria from *Figaro*, by Frau Kästner; a violin Concerto of De Beriot, played by David; Duett from the "Huguenots;" Grand Choral Fantasia, of Beethoven; the finale to *Euryanthe*; and Beethoven's Ninth or Choral Symphony. For the second day: Overture to "King Alfred," by Raff; the "Love-feast of the Apostles," by Wagner; the "Harold Symphony," by Berlioz; Overture to *Struensee*, by Meyerbeer; and Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Nacht*.

**WIESBADEN.** The list of operas played here during the past season is quite rich, viz.: *Freyshütz*, *Oberon*, *Jessonda*, *Don Juan*, *Zauberflöte*, *Fidelio*, *Robert*, *Huguenots*, *Prophète*, *La Juive*, *Linda*, *Lucia*, *Fille du Regiment*, *Stradella*, *Martha*, *Il Barbiere*, *Car and Zimmermann*, *Der Wildschütz*, and even the old *Tancredi*. The latest novelty was a grand opera by Schindeldeisser, called "The Avenger;" and the "Vale of Andorra" was to follow.—At a Sacred Concert in the great Electoral Hall, Psalms of Marcello, Handel's *Dettinger Te Deum*, and Beethoven's C minor Symphony were given.

**ST. PETERSBURG.** A most successful Concert was given here by Mlle. EMMA STELB. "This young and lovely pianist, a pupil of Chopin and Henselt, plays, not Thalberg, Liszt, Wallace, or De Meyer, but compositions of Mendelssohn, Henselt and Chopin."

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